indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauie, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of writ, and the libertie: these are the onely men.

*Ham.* O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?

*Pol.* What a treasure had he my Lord?

*Ham.* Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.

*Pol.* Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha?*

*Pol.* What followes then my Lord?

*Ham.* Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

*Enter the Players.*

*Ham.* You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard mee in *Denmarke?* what my young Ladie and Mistris, my Ladie your Ladiship is neerer to Heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Faukners, flie at any thing we see, weele haue a speech strait, come giue vs a taste of your qualitie, come a passionate speech.

*Player.* What speech my good Lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleasd not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receiued it and others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrhus* like Th'ircanian

Beast

9 *Pol.* If you call me Iepitha, my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.
*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.
17 valanct 18 mistris by Ladie 19 never
22 Faukners



Beast, tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*,
whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With Heraldy more dismall head to foot,
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets
Than lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbunckles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

*Pol.* Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accen
*Play.* Anon he finds him (good discre
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
*Pirrhus* at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father falls:
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* eare, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe below
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne,
VVith lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.



1 not so, it 9 empasted 10 That lend
tirranus